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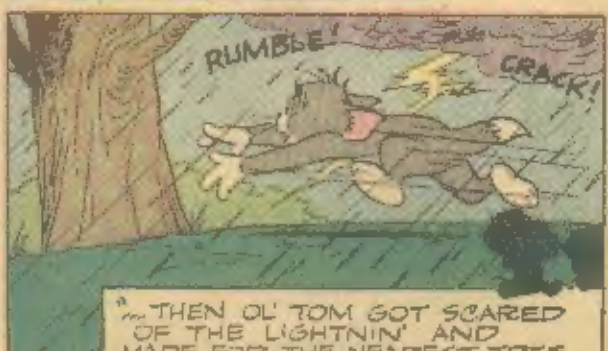
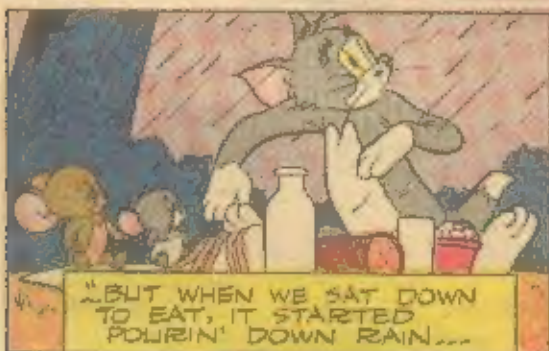
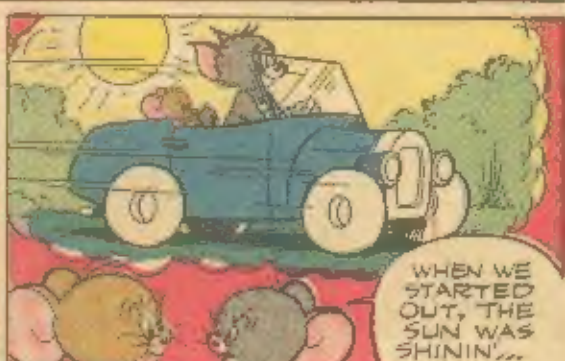
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LABOR DAY

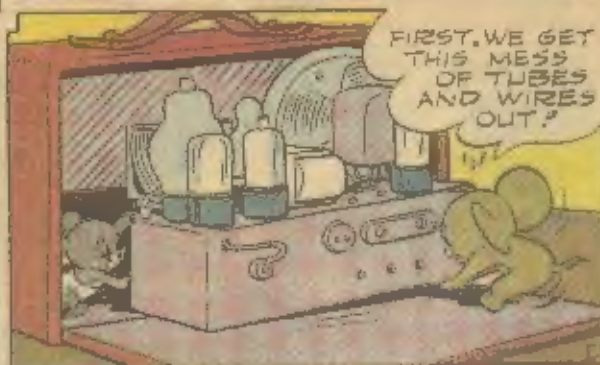
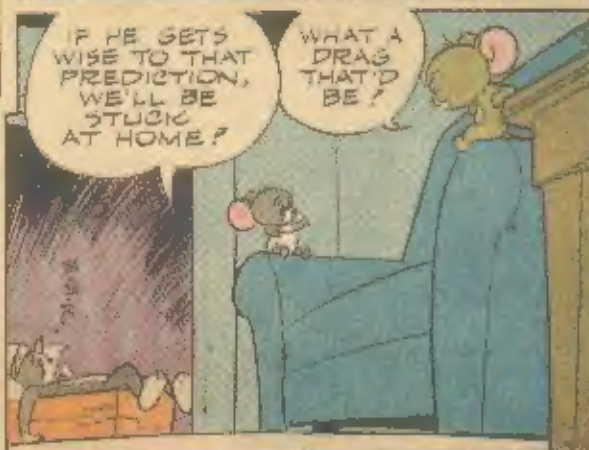
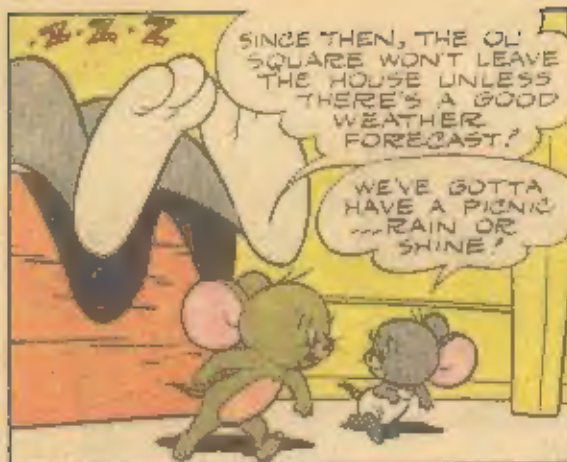
TUFFY, HERE
IT IS
LABOR DAY
AGAIN?

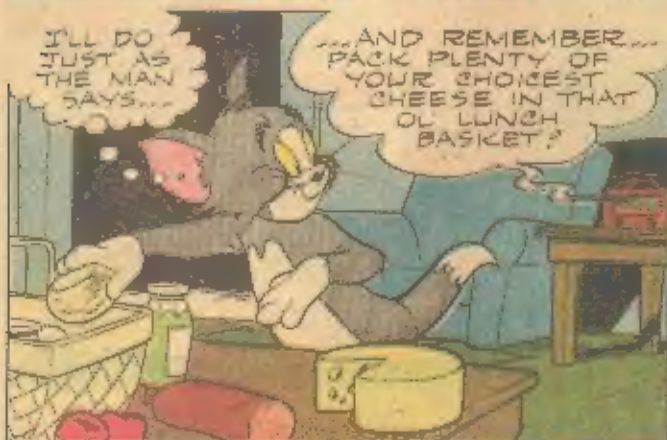
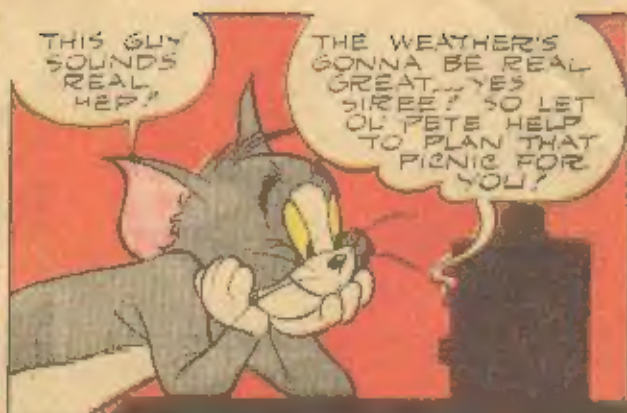
D'YA
SUPPOSE
OL' THOMAS
WILL TAKE US
PICNICKIN'
AGAIN?

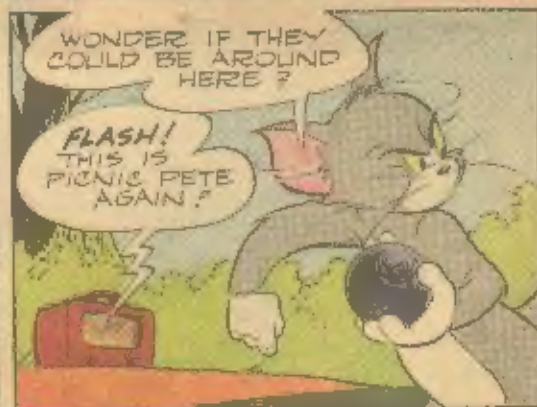
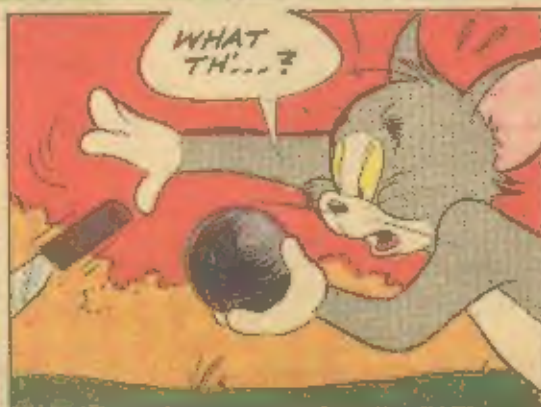


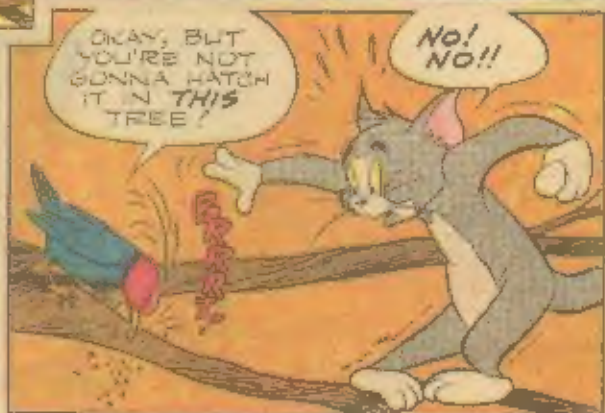
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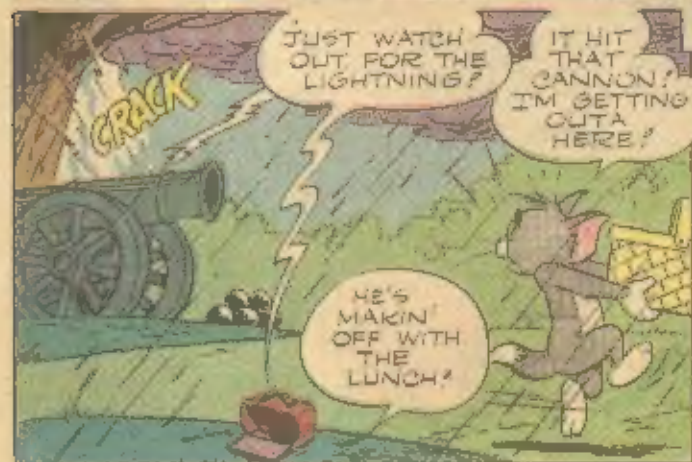
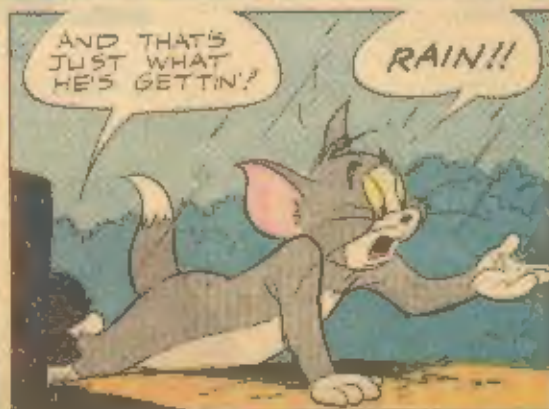
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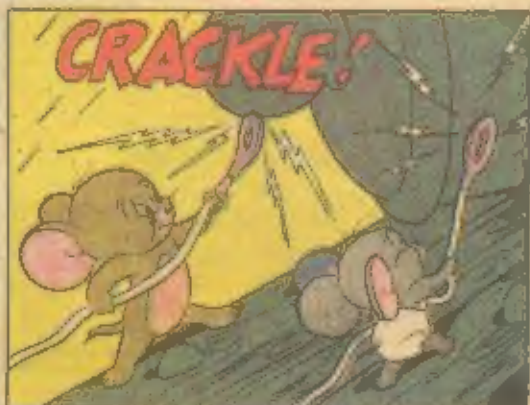


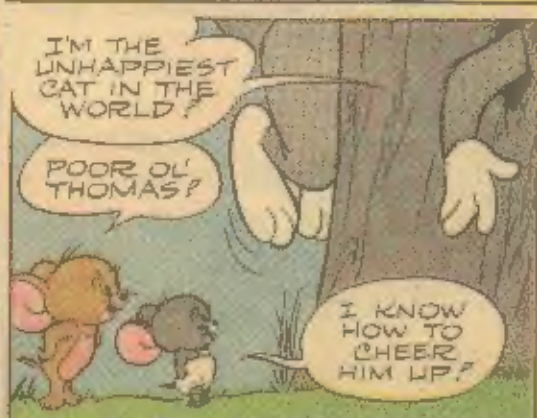
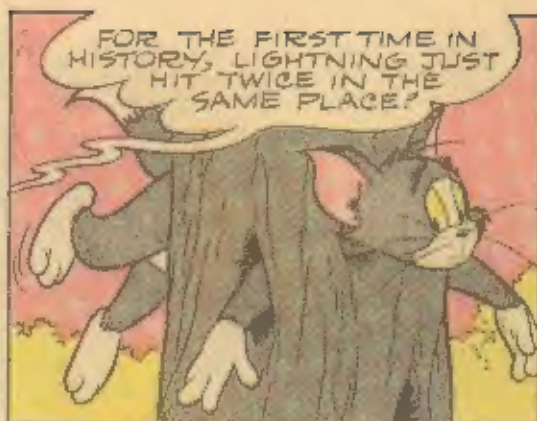


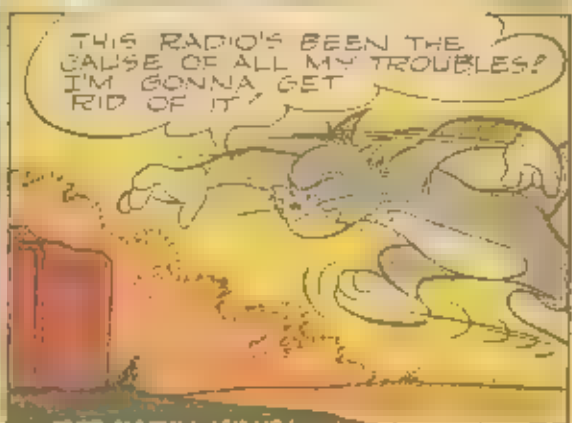
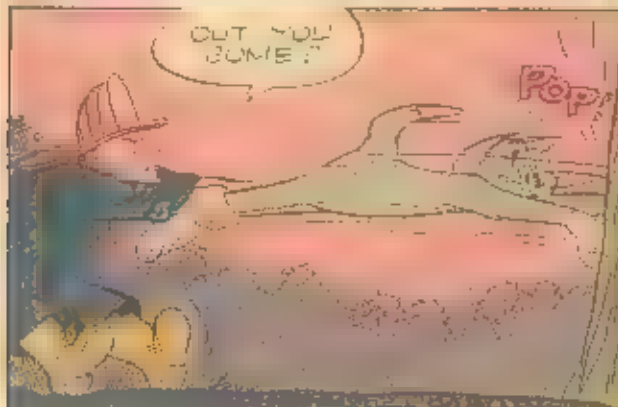
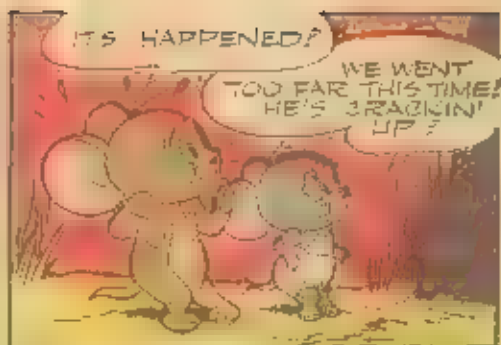


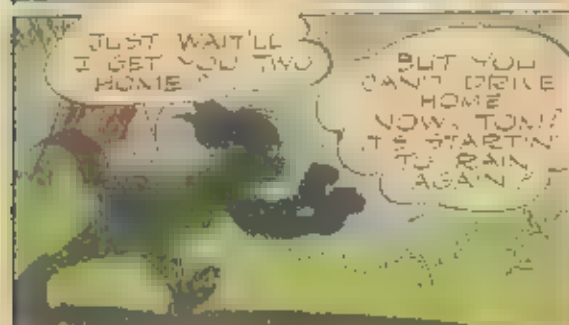








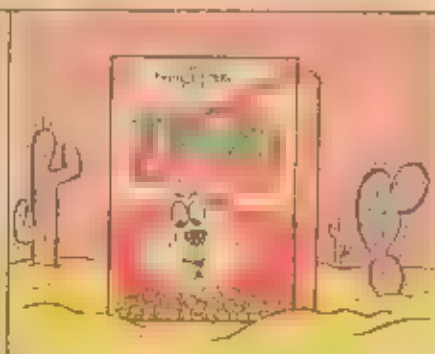




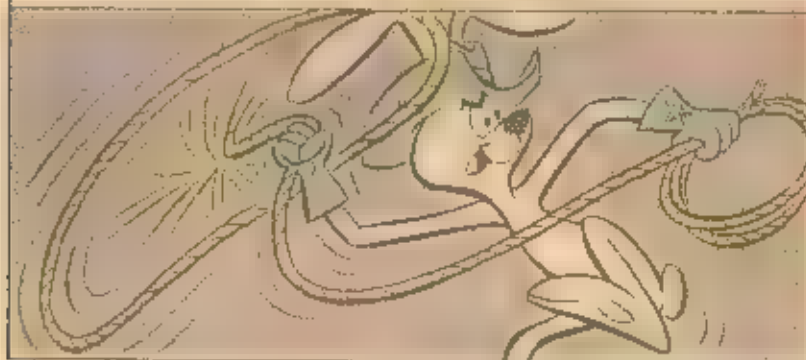
WOMAN'S TRIX?

WORTH
ROUNDING UP...

...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



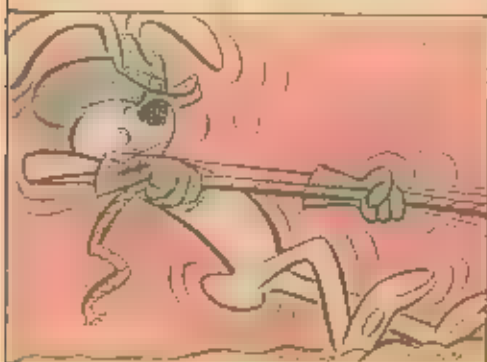
THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT...



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



RONANZA
DOCTOR SOLAR
DANIEL BOONE
MIGHTY SAMSON
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
KORAK, SON OF TARZAN
THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
BORIS KARLOFF TALES OF MYSTERY

YOU GET MORE

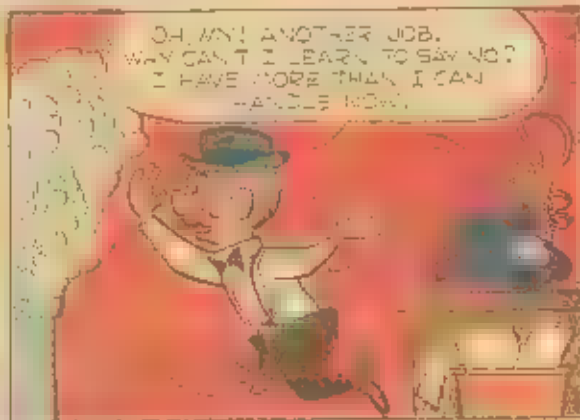
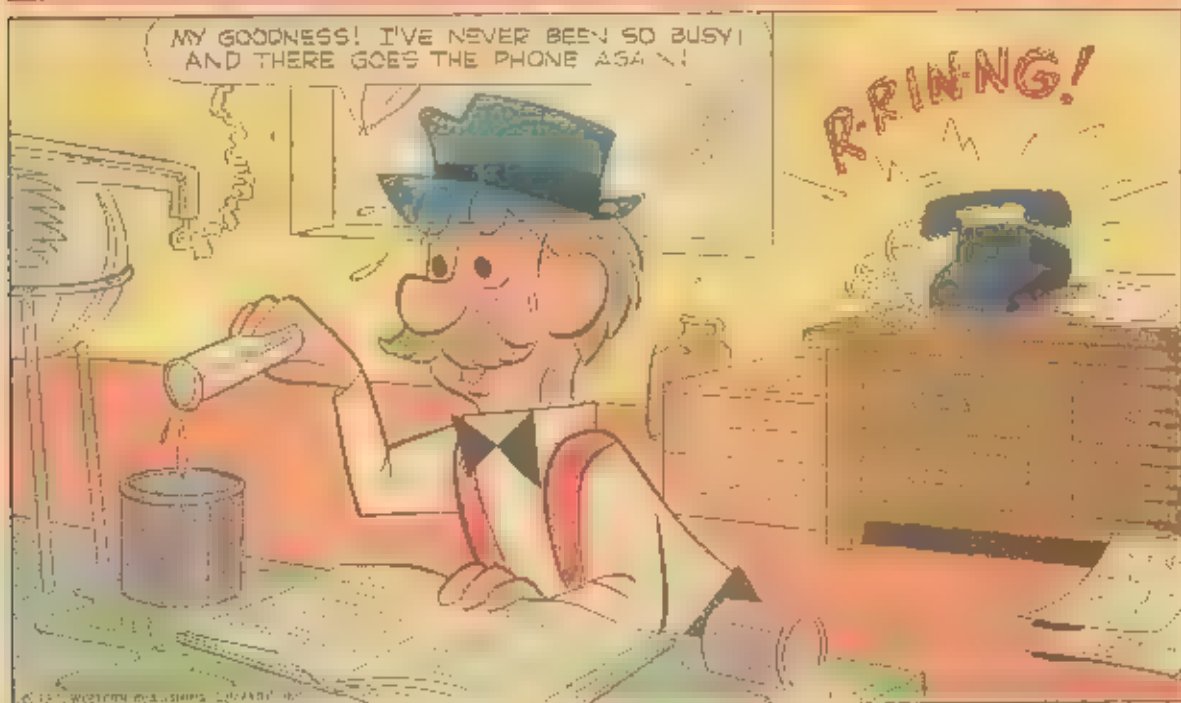
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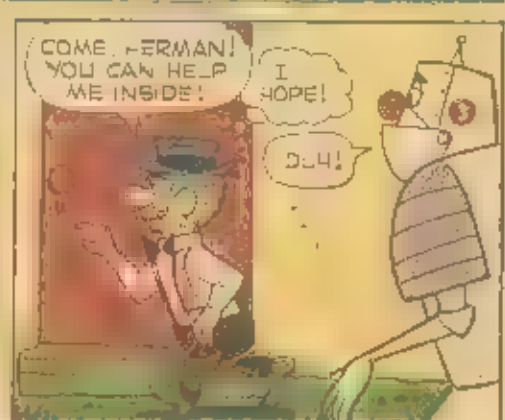
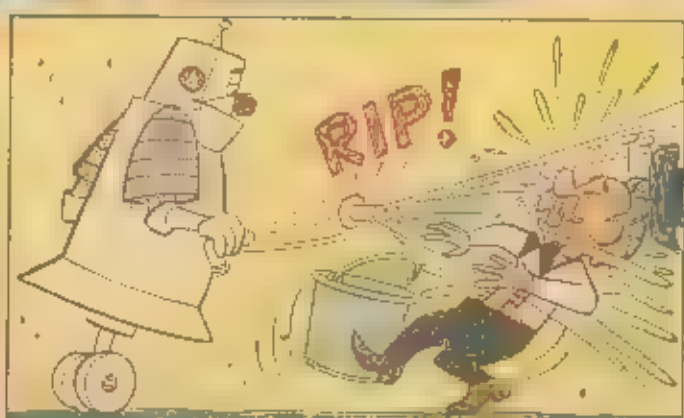
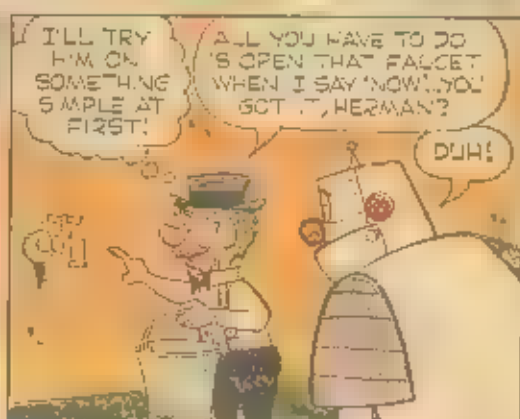
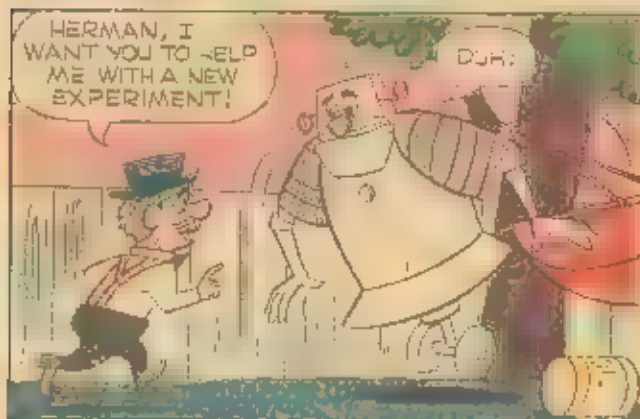
TOTAL WAR
THE PHANTOM
THE LONE RANGER
TARZAN OF THE APES
TUROK, SON OF STONE
MAGNUS, ROBOT FIGHTER
RIPLEY'S TRUE WAR STORIES
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

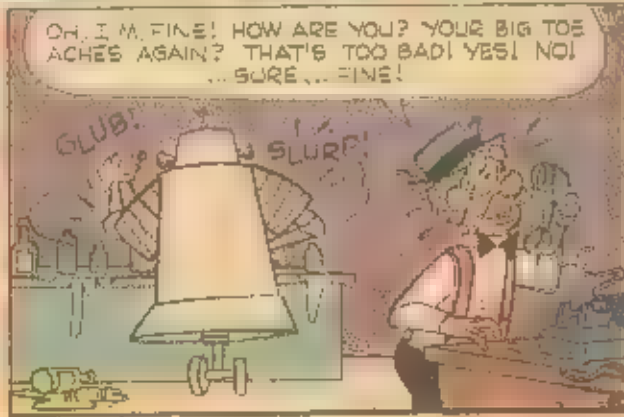
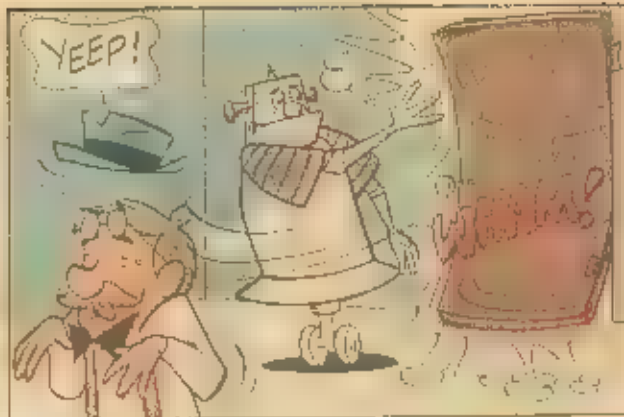
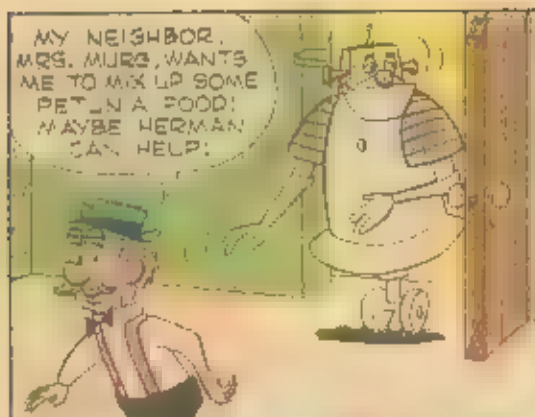
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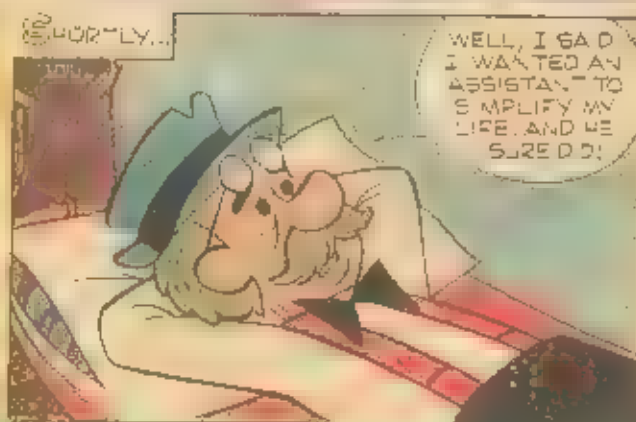
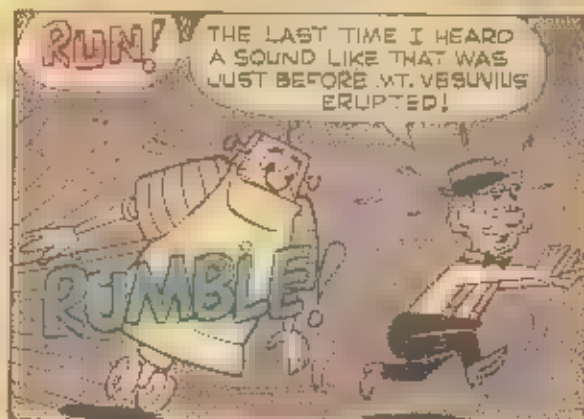
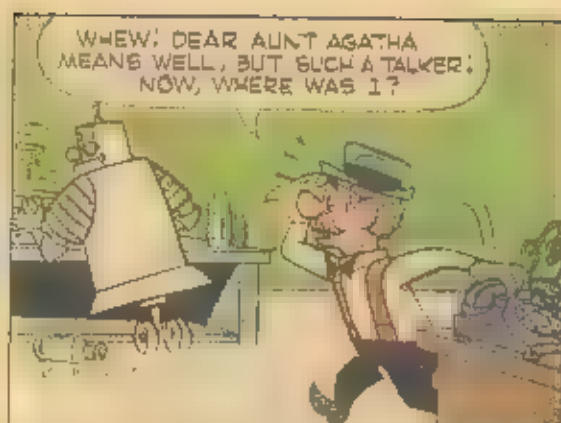
PROFESSOR PUTTER

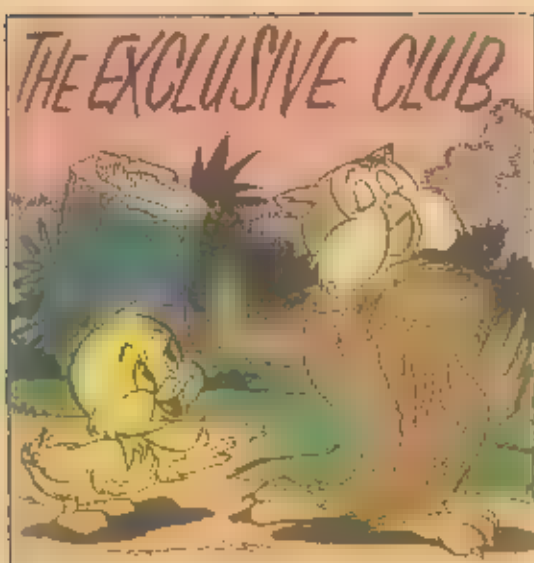
TOO-HELPFUL HERMAN











One of Little Quacker's greatest ambitions was to join the Pinfeather Society — the most exclusive birds' club in the woods.

So one day, for the tenth time, he asked Orville Owl, who was the president of the club, if he could become a member.

"And for the tenth time, NO!" grumbled Orville.

"And why can't I?" asked Little Quacker. "I keep forgetting why I can't join!"

Orville sighed patiently, "Because you can't do any unusual thing."

"Like what thing unusual?"

"Well, unusual things like I can do," he said. "For instance, I'm not only the wisest bird in the woods but I can see in the dark. And then there's Waldo Woodpecker! He can drill holes with his beak, and Ewald Eagle can see a fly five miles away!"

"But I can swim!" said Little Quacker.

"Humph!" hooted Orville. "So can a fish and a lot better! Now please, I must take a nap! I've got a busy night ahead!"

Little Quacker walked away sadly.

"Orville's right," he sighed. "I can't do anything unusual!"

Then he suddenly got an idea.

"I'll bet no duck in the world can fly backwards!" he thought. "If I can do that I know I can get in that snooty club!"

Little Quacker started running backwards, flapping his wings as he ran. Faster and faster he went, and all of a sudden he was in the air.

"Hooray!" he shouted. "I did it! I..." THUD! His words were cut off!

"Gosh," he gasped, looking up at a tree that had somehow gotten in the way. "I... I need eyes in the back of my head."

Walking off and rubbing his bruised tail feathers, he muttered, "There must be something else I could do!"

As he walked he became aware of a shadow circling round and round on the ground. He looked up and saw a hawk soaring high in the sky. Then he heard something else nearby... a young rabbit, nibbling on some crisp forest greens.

"Hey, lil' bunny!" he called. "Get into your burrow, and quickly, before that hawk spots you!"

Startled, the rabbit looked up and stammered, "I — I'm lost! I don't know where my burrow is!"

"Then we better find one in a hurry!" said Little Quacker, as the shadow grew larger and larger.

He looked around frantically for a hole, but he could find only a small crevice under a big rock. Suddenly, with his wings and his big webbed feet, he began digging under the rock to enlarge the crevice so he and the rabbit could both squeeze in. He dug as fast as he could; and just as he and the rabbit jumped into the hole, the hawk's sharp talons grabbed at the very spot where they had been standing.

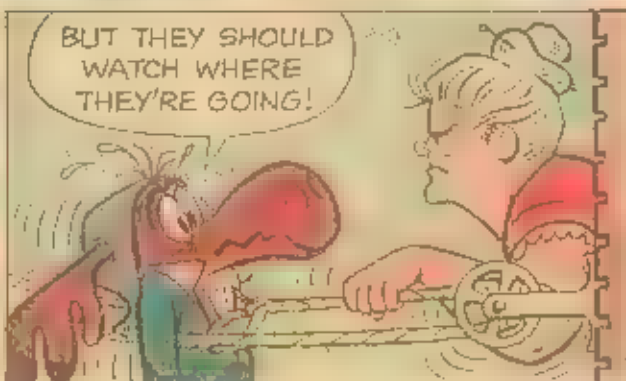
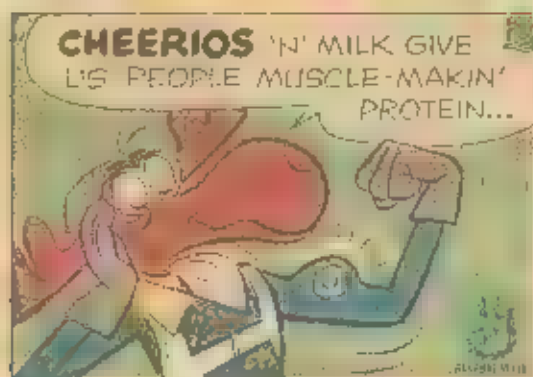
Later, Little Quacker helped the rabbit find his home, and on his way back to his own pond he met Orville Owl.

"Congratulations, my boy! We heard about you saving the rabbit from the hawk," he boomed. "You've qualified yourself for our club by digging that hole. We have never heard of a duck digging a hole in the ground before! Welcome to our society!"

Little Quacker looked at Orville and said quietly, "No thanks! I changed my mind. I don't want to be a member of your club now."

"You don't?" gasped Orville.

And why should he? The members of the Pinfeather Society really were not doing anything unusual. They were just doing things that came naturally to them. However, when a duck digs a hole in the ground, that is really unusual, and Little Quacker in fact belongs to an exclusive club all his own!



JERRY TUFFY

HOT DOG WITH
MUSTARD
ON IT?
I FOUND
A DIME!

YOU GOTTA GIVE
ME HALF!



BUT I WAS GONNA
SAVE IT!

GO ON...
GET IT
CHANGED
AND GIVE
ME A
NICKEL!

OKAY...THERE'S
YOUR HALF!

THAT'S THE
SPIRIT! SHARE
AND SHARE
ALIKE!

I'M GONNA PUT MY NICKEL
IN MY PIGGY BANK BEFORE
I LOSE IT!

THAT'S SILLY!
I'M GONNA
SPEND MINE
FOR
POPCORN!

SPENDTHRIFT? YOU'LL BE
BROKE, AND I'LL
HAVE MONEY
IN THE BANK!

AW...
BANK...
SHMANK!

I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!
ONLY GOT THREE
PIECES?

HA, HA! SERVES
YOU RIGHT!

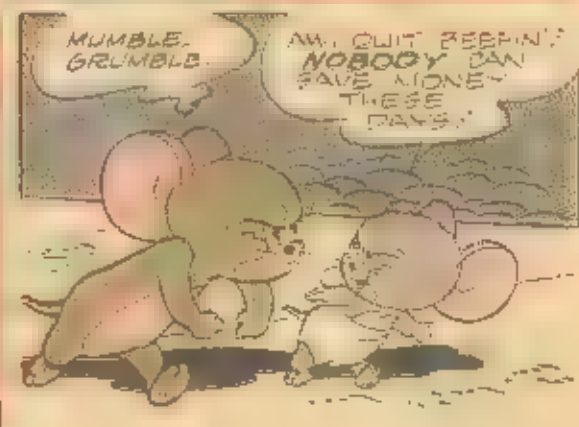
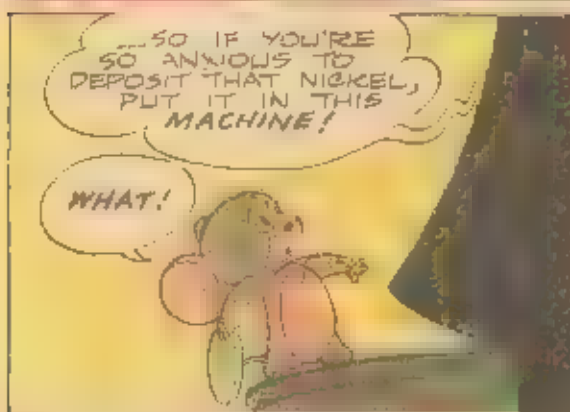
NO
POPCORN
MACHINE
CAN DO
THAT TO ME!
I'LL SEE
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH IT!

SILLY
MOUSE
POG!

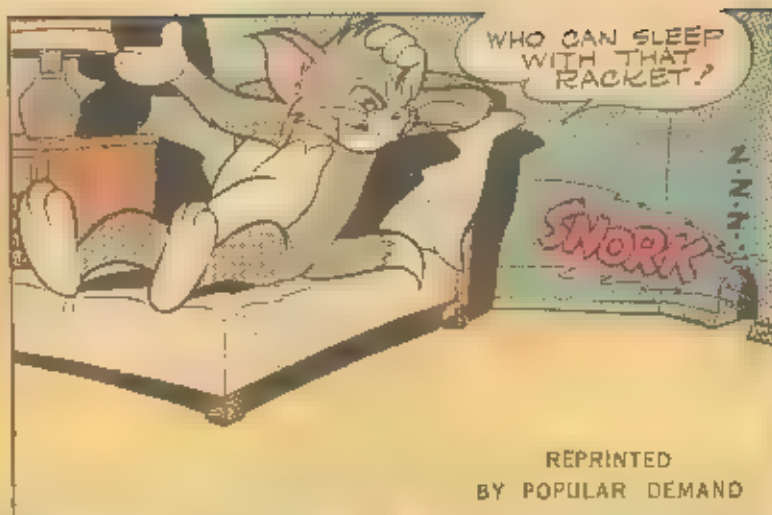
I'VE GOT IT
FIXED! BUT
AS LONG AS
I'M IN HERE,
I'M GONNA
EAT MY
NICKEL'S
WORTH!

CHOMP!
CRUNCH!

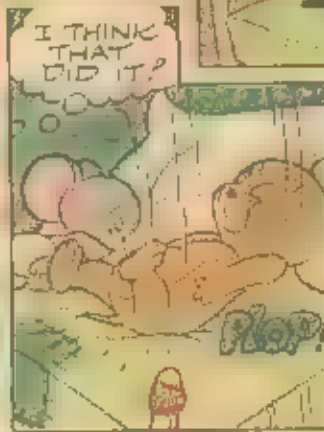
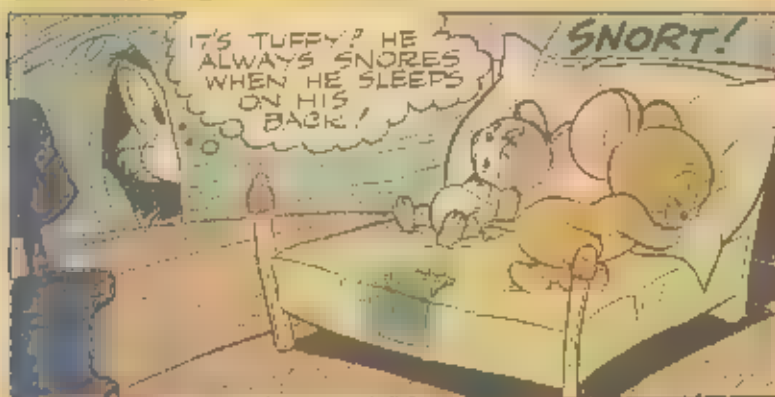
COMON!
HURRY UP!
I WANT TO
DEPOSIT
MY
MONEY!

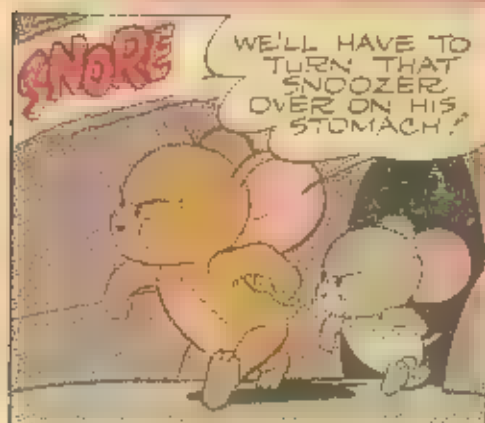
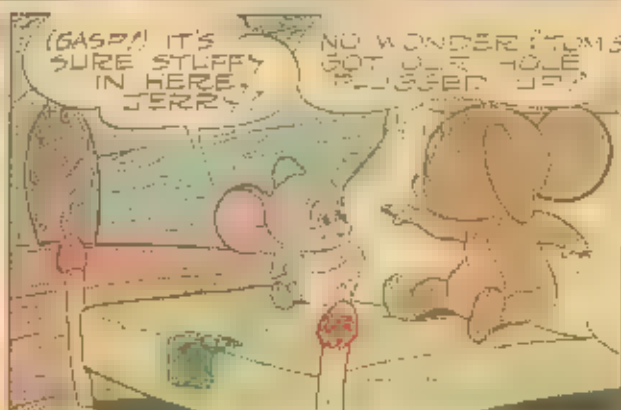
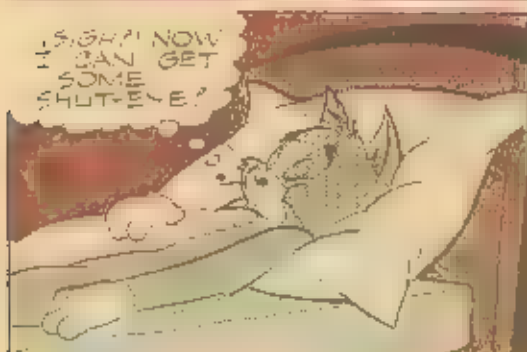
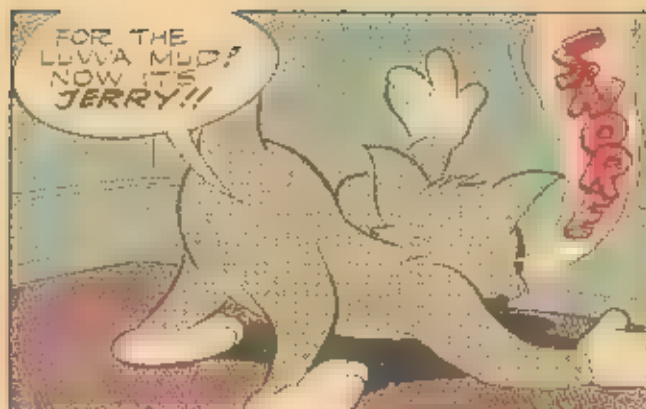


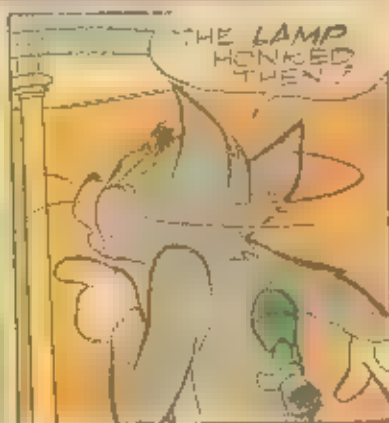
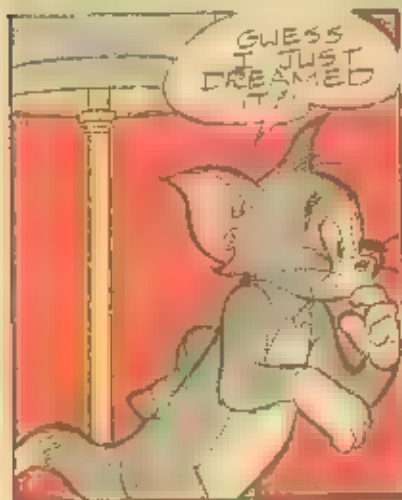
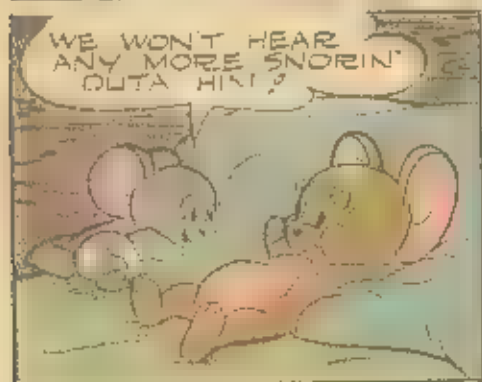
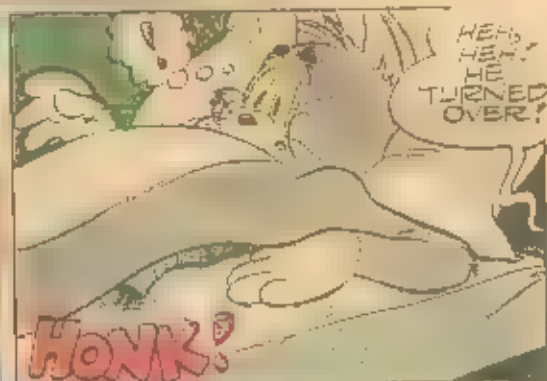
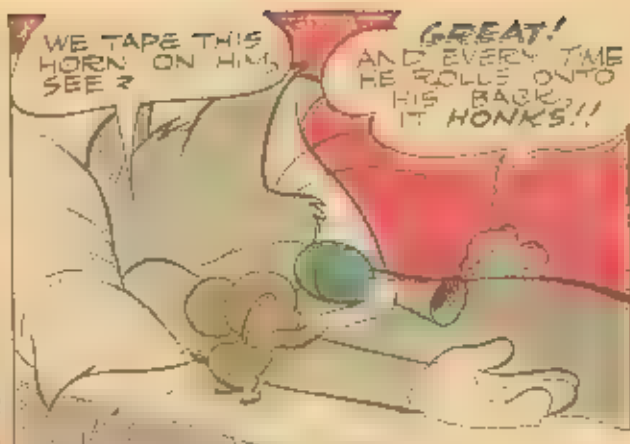
TOM JERRY

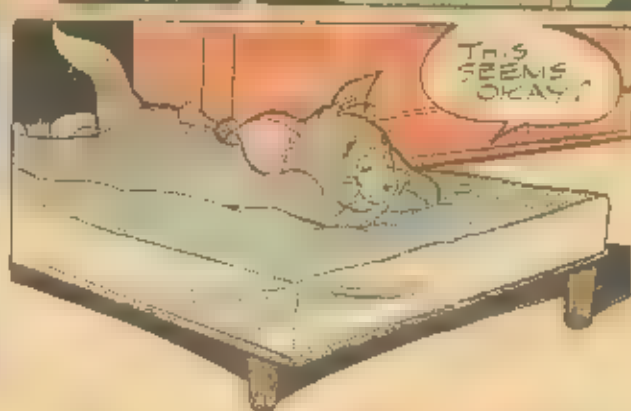


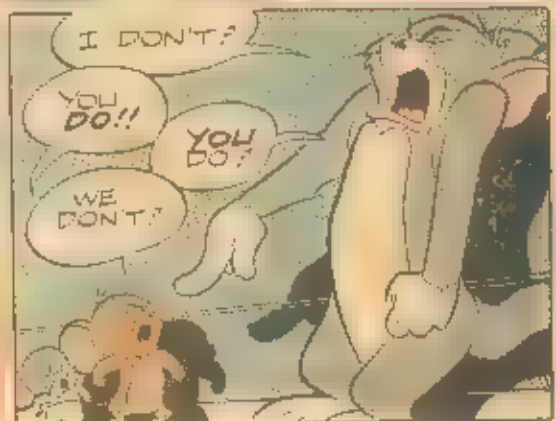
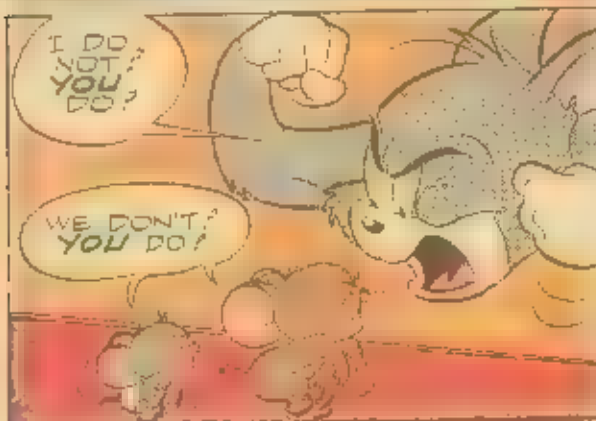
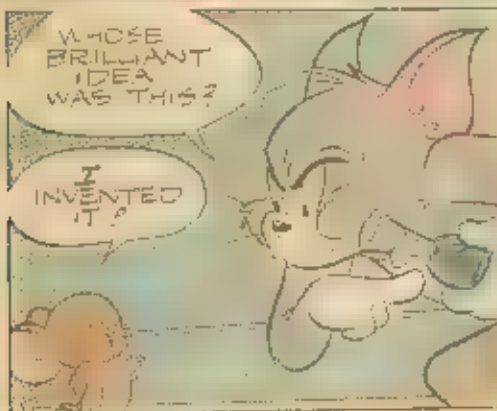
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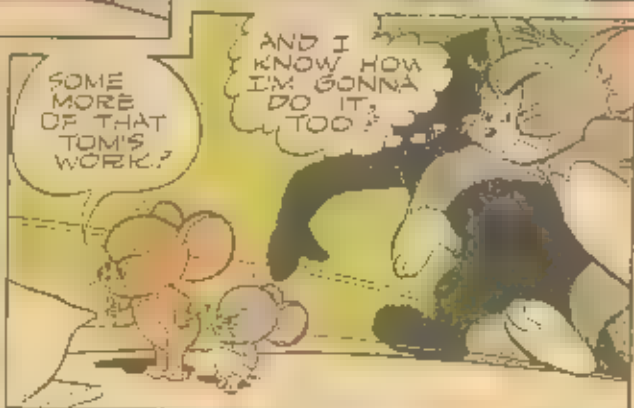
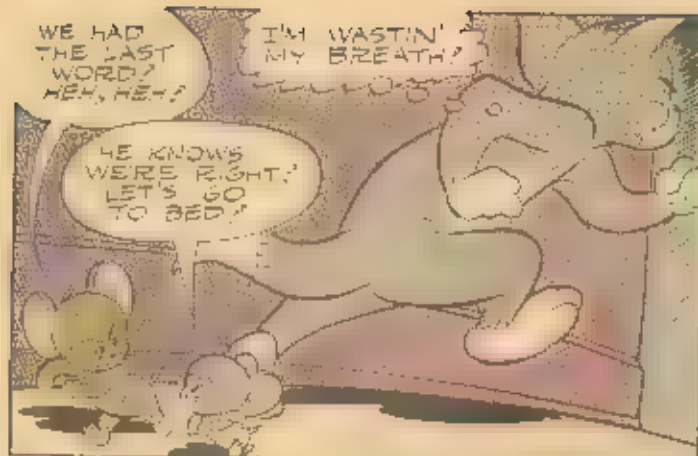


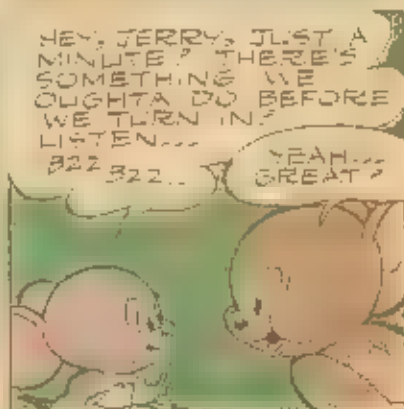
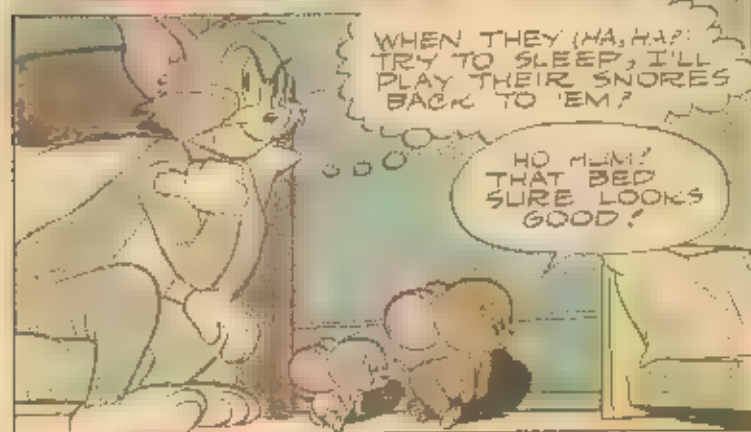
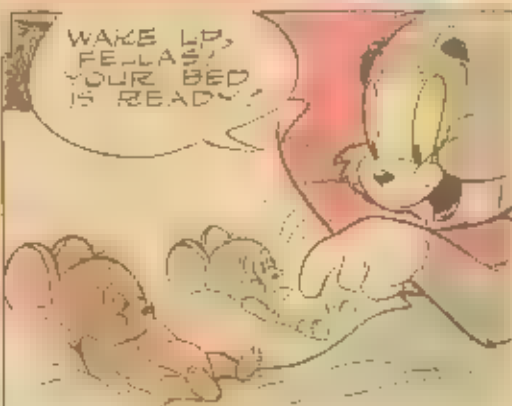


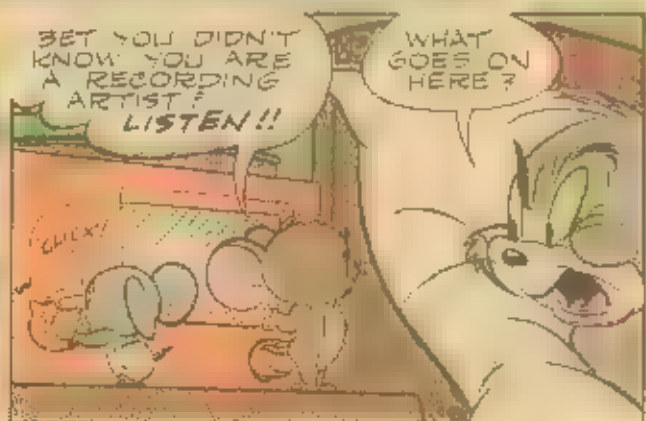
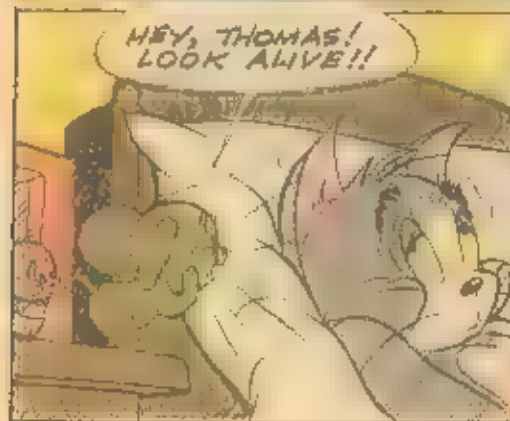
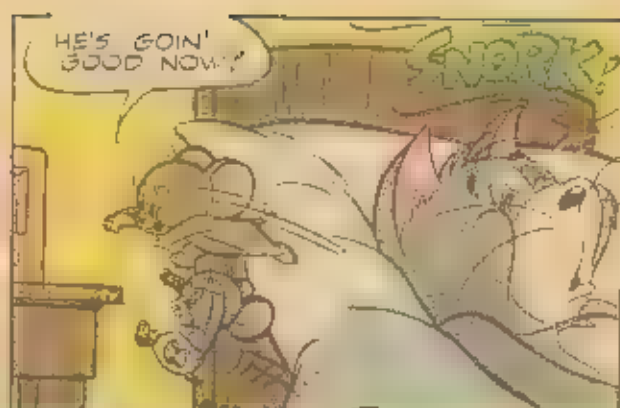
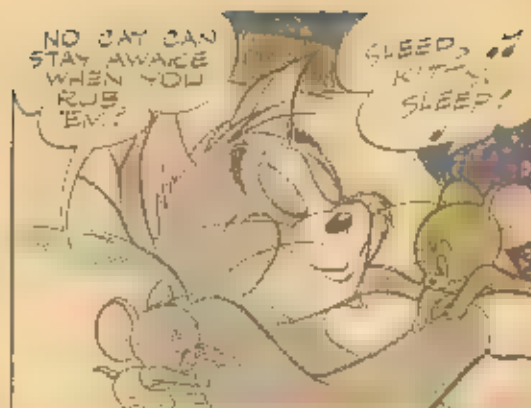


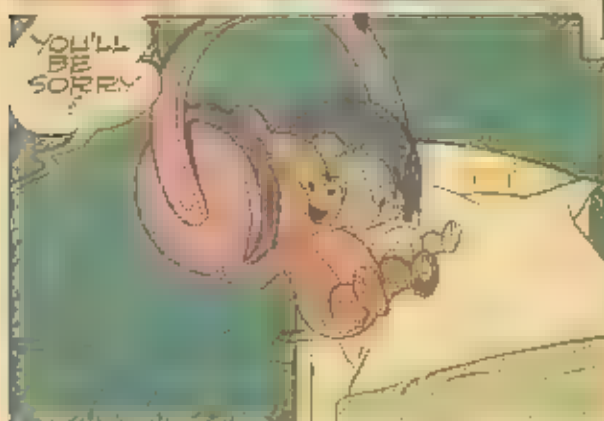
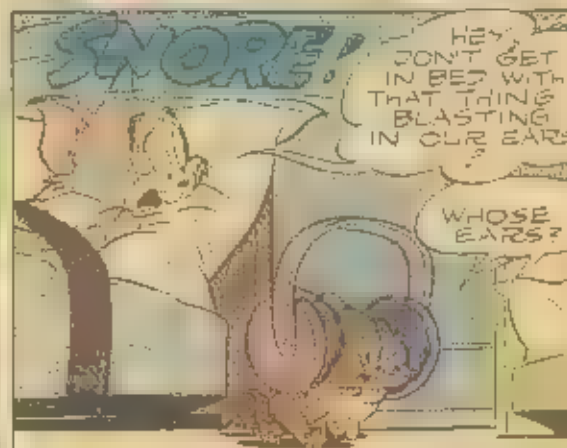
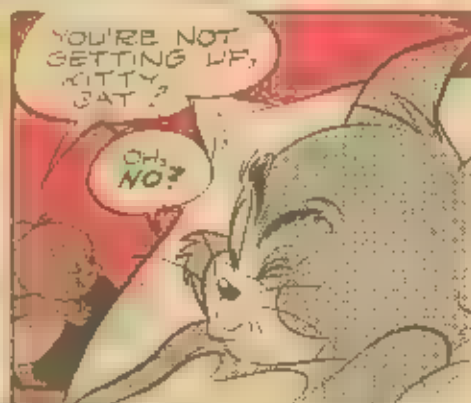
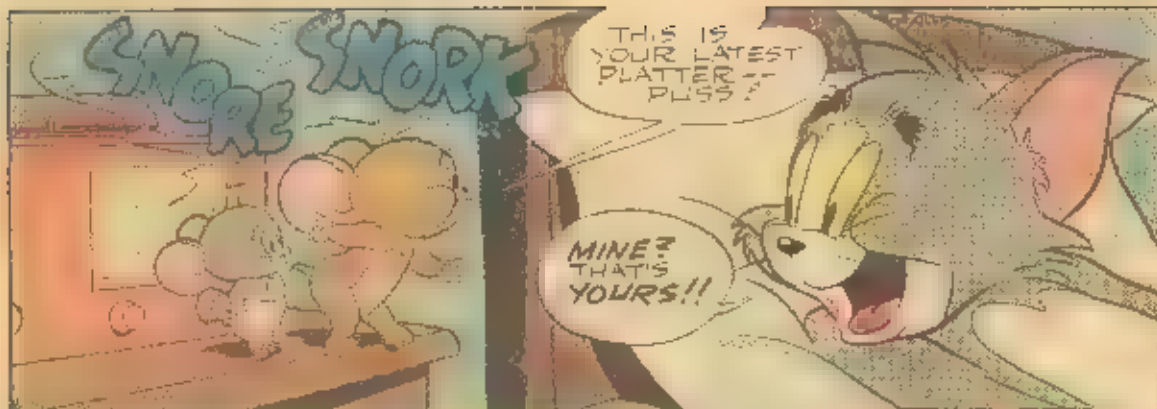


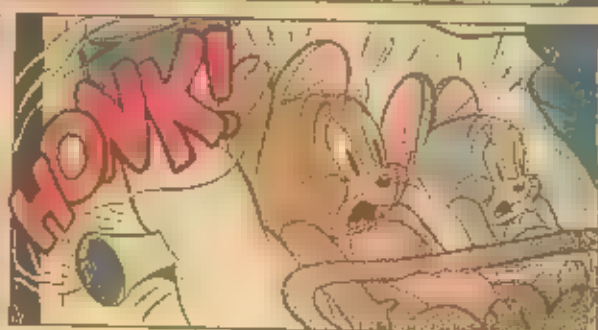
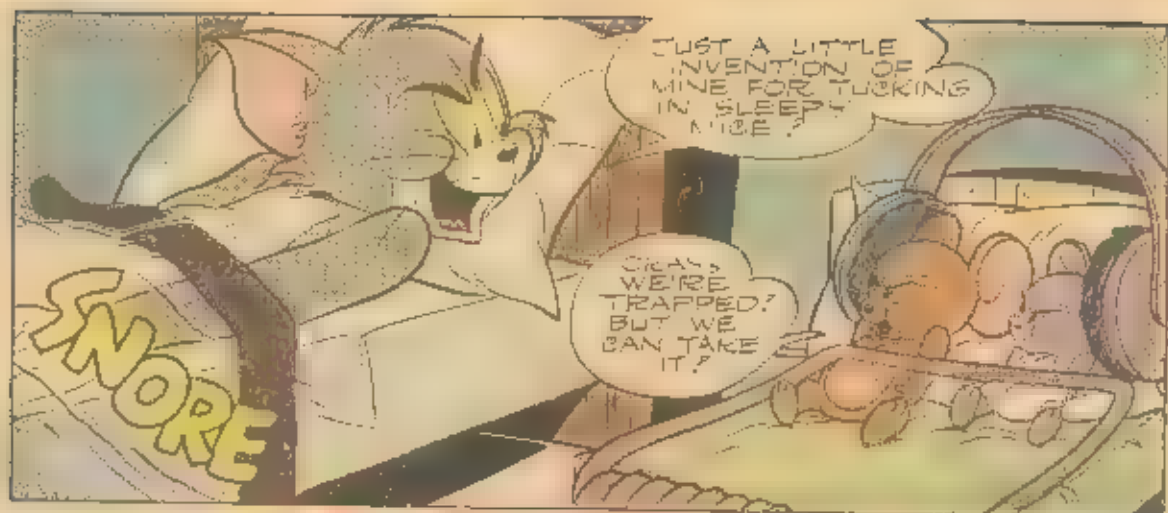




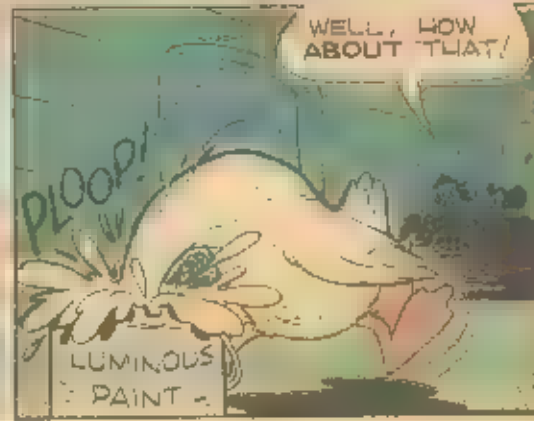
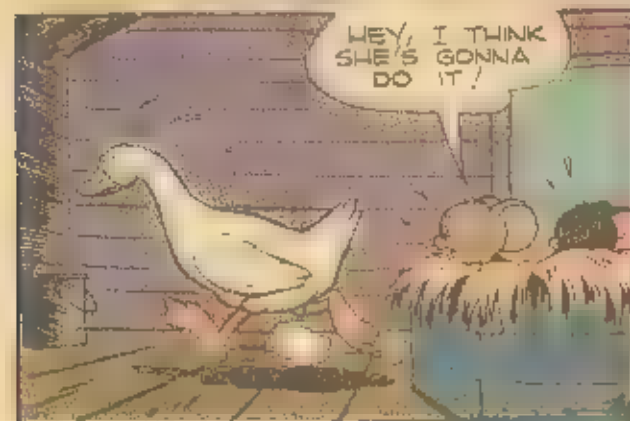
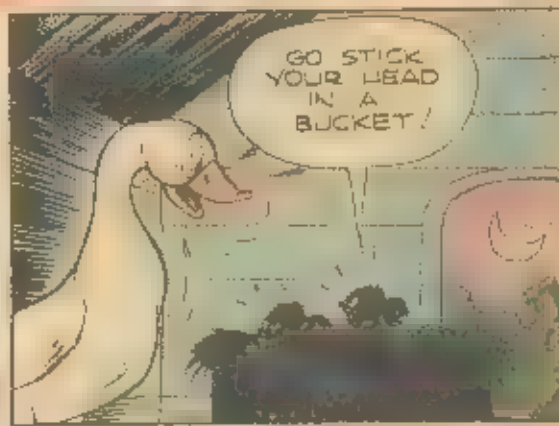
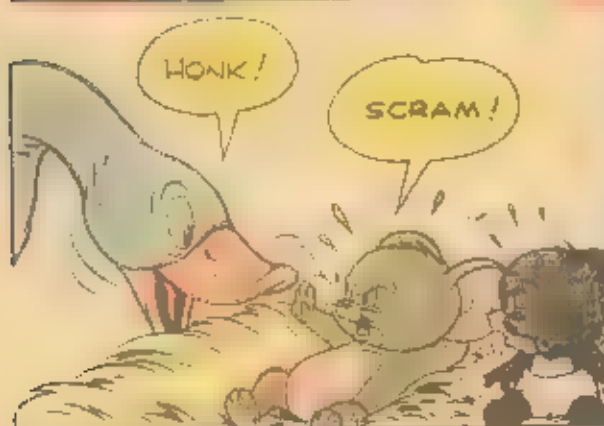


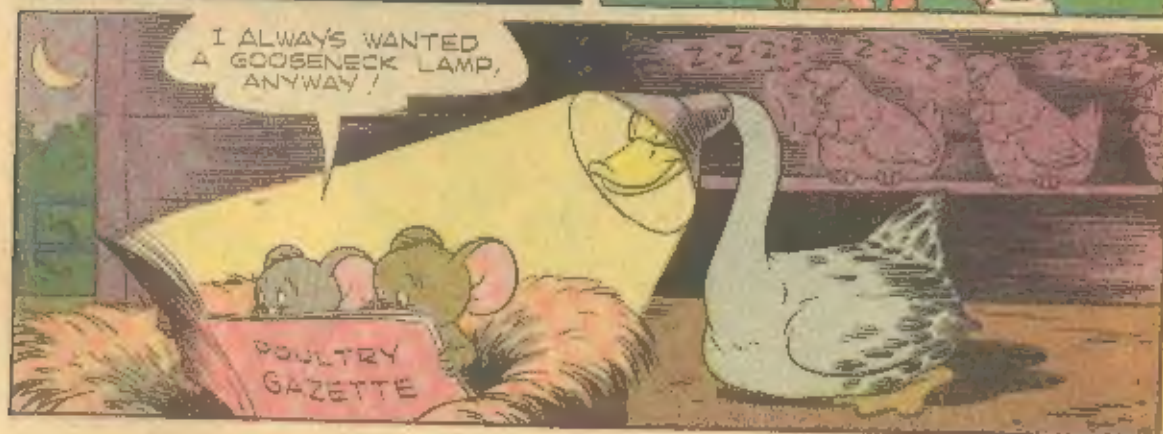
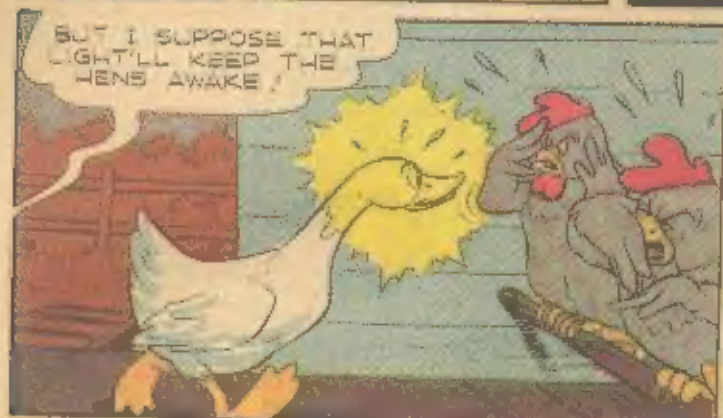
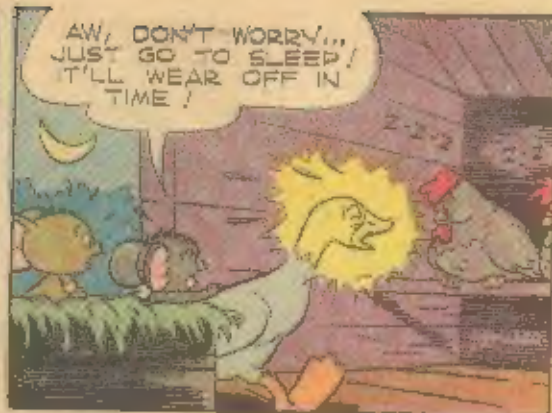






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